

TROLLEYS ABLAZE AFTER COLLISION; ONE MAN KILLED

Injured Passengers Face Added Peril Following Crash of Cars at Somerville.

MET ON SINGLE TRACK.

Motormen Turned Switch Simultaneously and Cars Hit Head On in Fog.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 11.—One man was killed and a score seriously injured in a head-on collision to-day between two trolley cars that met on the main line of the Public Service Corporation between this place and Bound Brook to-day. The two cars came together in the fog at 7:40 o'clock. Louis Zwer, motorman of one of the cars, was the man killed.

The scene of the accident is within a few hundred yards of the Somerset Hospital and the more seriously injured were carried immediately to that institution. After the cars had crashed together and the passengers assisted in throwing about in the utmost confusion, many of them unconscious and some suffering from broken bones, the stores in the vehicles poured out their burning fuel and set fire to the cars.

The flames were extinguished, luckily, before many of the injured were badly burned. The accident occurred on a single track line, with sidings a mile apart. Feck, the surviving motorman, told the police that when he passed the switch he had a clear signal and turned on the danger switch to warn any car from the opposite direction of his approach. The conductor of the other car declared that he also got off his car at the west switch, in front of the Somerset Hospital and saw a clear signal. It is believed that both men turned the signals simultaneously.

The less seriously hurt assisted in carrying the greater sufferers to the hospital, and then, after having their own wounds dressed, went home. Among those who remained at the hospital were:

Charles A. Feck, motorman, of Bound Brook, head and legs cut and injured. John E. Bower, driver, of Bound Brook, neck, shoulders, arms, shock and internal injuries.

Miss Alma Keller engaged. The announcement of the engagement of Miss Alma Keller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Keller, to Max Greenbaum, will come as a pleasant surprise to their many friends. Miss Keller is a favorite in Hudson society. Mr. Greenbaum is a successful young business man. To celebrate the event the young couple will give a party at Mrs. Keller's residence, No. 113 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street, next Sunday afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock.

TRIP TO EUROPE ON HEALTH HUNT. PROVED FUTILE.

New York Business Man Found Surprise Awaiting Him in Native Land.

Joseph Murphy, of 185 Park avenue, New York, engaged in the plumbing business, recently returned from a trip abroad, where he spent several months in search of health. In describing his illness and subsequent recovery, he says:

"For two years I was afflicted with stomach trouble of a very severe character. I experienced the usual symptoms—poor appetite, indigestion, gas, stomach, sick headaches, nervousness, distress after eating, etc. In addition to this I also suffered from an attack of blood poisoning. Doctors failed to relieve me, and my condition steadily grew worse until I became generally run down and debilitated.

"On the advice of doctors and friends I made a trip across the ocean in search of relief. It was hoped that the voyage and fresh salt air would prove beneficial, but in this I was disappointed. While in Europe I consulted a number of eminent specialists, but they did not help me, and I decided to return home.

"Shortly after returning my attention was directed to this man Cooper and the medicine he is introducing in New York. Upon investigation I learned that the Cooper remedy had proved helpful to many others, which encouraged me to give them a trial.

"A treatment of Cooper's New Discovery has made a new man of me. The curative qualities of this medicine are simply wonderful. No one could be more surprised at results than myself. I have not felt so well in years as I do now. My stomach is in excellent shape—appetite and digestion good, bowels active and free, and all my distressing symptoms have disappeared.

"The medicine seems to be rapidly clearing my system of the blood poison, and in every way has been beneficial. I feel that I can now do anything, and one who suffers from stomach disorders will find the Cooper medicine well worth trying."

The Cooper remedies are being demonstrated daily by L. T. Cooper and his assistants at Haver's New York store, 2 West Fourteenth street, just off Fifth avenue, where the public is invited to call. The remedies are on sale at all the Riker stores and can be obtained at any other drug store.

JOKE IS ON JUDGE WHO FINES ONE ROTMANSKY TWIN

Can't Tell Which One He Paroled and Which He Punished.

BUT MOTHER KNOWS.

She and Abraham and Ruben Are Only Ones That Know the Secret.

Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

The difference between Abraham and Ruben is—Abraham and Ruben. Of course, that doesn't sound like sense, yet it is. But the only distinguishing feature of the Rotmansky twins, who live at No. 15 Suffolk street, is their names. And in truth, it is a waste of energy on their mother's part to tax her brain with variations in this direction. It has not been noticed that it has done anybody a bit of good.

With or without names, only three people can tell 'em apart, anyway—their mother and the twins themselves. Their mother says she knows the difference between them without their names, and it seems safe to assume that each twin can be reasonably certain that he is not the other fellow.

In the interest of science the claims of the mother of Abraham and Ruben to occult powers of identification were questioned to-day in the solution of the Rotmansky apartment. Before her stood her two thirteen-year-old replicas with an identical wealth of grin upon their countenances.

"I've had my troubles with those boys," Mrs. Rotmansky sighed. Abraham shuffled his feet and Ruben looked sheepish. No Abraham looked sheepish and Ruben shuffled his feet.

Not All Their Fault. "They were terrible when they were young," Mrs. Rotmansky went on, shaking her head mysteriously at both. "And now—so much trouble as I have, but—valiantly loyal—'tis not their fault. How can they help it, if people can't tell them apart?"

One could not help thinking that it would be a pretty stiff proposition to place the blame anywhere for not being able to tell them apart. It was at about this stage of the game that the interviewers discovered that the jobs of their ears were finished with the same turn.

Abraham was the one arrested for peddling the apples without a license. Mrs. Rotmansky continued, indicating the duplicate features of her Abraham or Ruben, or, anyway, one of them, both-nodded assent.

The interviewers did the nodder with her eyes. Careful comparison had revealed the fact that an unusually dry streak had made its way from the chin stamped his countenance with a certain distinguishable originality. This looked hopeful for the possibility of some water could be safely relegated to the remote warmth of the summer months.

But the glimmer of triumph was not to be. The possessor of the streak raised his right arm to heaven and lustily drew his sleeve from wrist to elbow, and then across his face. All was lost in an obliterating smudge. It was not done maliciously, but, alas! it was done too early.

Has Some Disadvantages. "Sure, I've beaten him to many a point," spoke up Abraham or Ruben. "When one of us was something in school the fellow who can get there first is the one who can get there first. And—widening grin, ditto grin—when one of us is kept in for punishment at school the fellow who can get out first gets free."

That just broke in Abraham or Ruben. "Doesn't know how much one of us is paroled and which one of us is fined. The cops, you know, couldn't tell us apart, so we arrested us both, for luck."

The countenances of Abraham and Ruben split horizontally from ear to ear in silent enjoyment of the situation. The interviewers, waiting for the worst to happen, then, but saw the four upper front teeth of Abraham and the four upper front teeth of Ruben, and saw none on her.

But with their mouths shut it is hopeless—can't be done. Do not attempt it.

A mechanical engineer, whose name was not given, brought his thirteen-year-old son to the Children's Court to-day to see what could be done to prevent him from running away from home. He told Clerk Blonstein that his oldest son told him himself, was a mechanical engineer, and that the one he had with him wanted to become a mechanical engineer, also.

The father said the boy went to work in his machine shop to learn engineering, but after he had been there a few weeks ran away and was not heard from until a few days ago, when he came into the home unannounced. He had been out West.

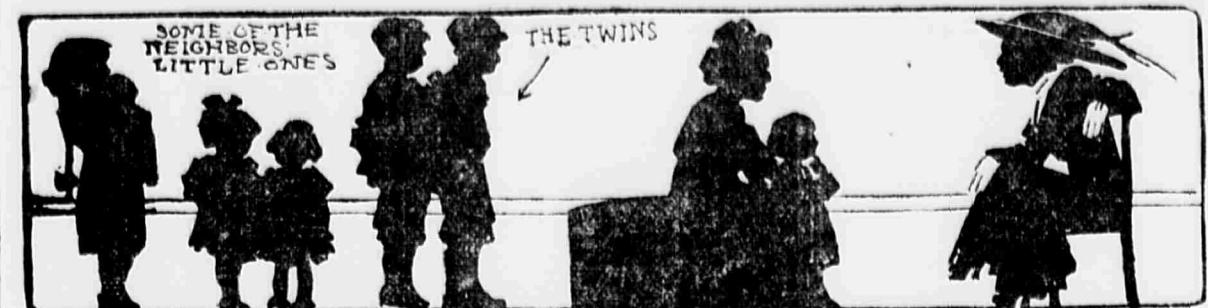
"Well, what is the matter?" asked the clerk. "Don't you want to work for your father?"

"My father is a good man, and I love the most respect for him," said the boy. "I am not going to work over eight hours a day, even for him. Those are union laws, and I am not going to work longer." If he were not a father's son, the clerk would have been for employing child labor. He was not.

I know that there is no better place where I can learn mechanical engineering than at home. My father said I won't work over eight hours," declared the boy.

Now your father says he won't make you work over eight hours, and the clerk said, "I am not going to work for him," the boy said, and he left the court room with his father.

Abe and Rube, the Original Trouble Twins; This Picture Will Do for Either One



THIS IS ABRAHAM-ROTMANSKY FOR RUBEN'S PICTURE BUY ANOTHER COPY OF THE EVENING WORLD

AND HE GOT MINE MEDAL FOR A GOOD BOY

IN COURT KILLS HIMSELF ON TRAIN SPEEDING MILE A MINUTE

NEW HUNT IN PARK LAKES FOR MRS. FLEISCHMANN

SEEKS TO CUT OFF SON FOR HER NEW ENGLISH HUSBAND

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Police Get Letter from Man Who Is Sure He Saw Missing Woman Saturday.

Former Mrs. McCreary, Now Wife of Coventry, Would Recall Deed of Trust.

Park employees in boats started early to-day to again drag the lakes and reservoirs of Central Park in an effort to find the body of Mrs. Julius Fleischmann, whose family now hold no hope that she is still alive. This is the sixth day of the hunt for Mrs. Fleischmann, in which the Police Department, private agencies and scores of her friends have taken part.

"We have about given up hope that my mother is still alive," said Gustav Fleischmann to an Evening World reporter to-day. "Our efforts now will all be bent to the recovery of her body. We have reached the conclusion that in one of her fits of melancholia she decided to end her life."

The family, however, is still clinging to one ray of hope. This is furnished by a letter now in the hands of the police. It is as follows:

"Having seen a photograph in the newspapers of the missing Mrs. Fleischmann, I am positive she boarded a Broadway car on Sunday night at 119 o'clock. This car was bound for Thirty-fourth street ferry east. It was there she got on the car. It appears the lady would be about sixty years old, medium height and size, with dark hair and eyes, and was wearing a dark coat with a high collar and a hat with a veil. She appeared to be very nervous, as she constantly kept looking around.

"As the car reached Fifth avenue and Forty-second street she spoke to the conductor and wanted to know if the car would bring her to an address which she gave on Fifth avenue. I believe by the way she spoke she understood herself to be on a Sixth avenue car. She then wanted a transfer, which the conductor could not give her, as she got off the car at Fifth avenue. She made the following remark: 'What will it do now?' It is so far to walk and I did not bring any money with me."

The conductor asked her if she did not want to get off the car. She said she was a very nervous woman and she was sure she would find her way to her home. She was positive that the lady on the car was the party for whom you are looking.

Following the receipt of this letter, Gustav Fleischmann, a son, caused a search to be made of his mother's effects, and it was found that the black headkerchief was missing. It is thought that Mrs. Fleischmann must have worn it when she went away.

All this was in an application upon her marriage of the proposed rescission of this deed of trust, and later of its execution by her. I hereby approve of her acts as stated.

But in her complaint in an action in which her son and Mr. Coventry are joined with Supreme Court Justice Gerard, Ambrose L. Norris and Ernest Isaacson, the trustees named in the trust deed as defendants, Mrs. Coventry says that she sailed for England Oct. 13 last, two days after executing the trust deed, and was married to Thomas Coventry, but that he has repeatedly refused to sign this instrument on the paper. She sets forth that the trust deed was never delivered to the trustees, is still available in the hands of Bowers & Sands, that trustees have never exercised any control over the properties, and she wants the deed declared null and void.

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SUICIDE'S COUGH AWAKES WIFE TO VIEW HIS DEATH

Reifsnider Ends His Life With Razor on Eve of Promised Happiness.

PREPARED FOR MOVING.

Former Insurance Employee Was About to Embark on New Enterprise.

While suffering from nervous prostration Joseph T. Reifsnider, fifty-six years old, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, at his home, No. 14 West One Hundred and Fourth street, early to-day. Reifsnider was for thirteen years in charge of the stenographic and dictating department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company. He received a good salary and had no financial troubles. The couple had been married twenty-five years.

Three weeks ago he resigned and intended to return to his old home in Western Pennsylvania, where he had concluded the purchase of a newspaper. Most of the furniture in his flat was packed up.

For the past two weeks he has been under a severe mental strain and has been treated by Dr. William C. Kennedy, of No. 42 West One Hundred and Fourth street, for mental alteration. His wife, Mrs. Mattie Reifsnider, advised him to give up his position and enter the new field. The family were to leave the city on Friday.

Mr. Reifsnider seemed to be completely depressed in the prospective moving and in a sad spirit when he retired last night. He slept in an inner room. At 6 o'clock this morning Mrs. Reifsnider was awakened by a coughing and gasping noise from the room occupied by her husband. She ran to his room and found him lying on the bed with a gasp in his throat, which he had inflicted with the razor.

Found Dead in Bed. Mrs. Reifsnider woke the dead man's brother John, who accompanied a son to the house. He called Dr. Kennedy. When the physician arrived Mr. Reifsnider was dead. A staff of the razor. The suicide had evidently inflicted the wound while in front of a mirror and had refused to be helped.

Mrs. Reifsnider told Coroner Harrington that she had sat up with her husband until about 2 o'clock this morning. At that hour she had given him medicine and had then retired to her own room. When she was awakened by the noise in her husband's room she got to his bedside as he breathed his last.

Miss Anna Miller Is Probably Fatally Injured at Montclair Centre.

Montclair, N. J., Nov. 11.—Miss Anna Miller, of No. 21 Glen Ridge avenue, was today struck by an automobile at Montclair Centre. It is feared she was fatally injured. She is in the Mountaineer Hospital with a fractured skull.

Miss Miller is the daughter of Alfred Miller, of Hastings, Pa., and is eighteen years old. She was employed as a bookkeeper at the Caldwell Steam Laundry at Caldwell, and lived with an aunt, Mrs. Marie Peterson, in Glen Ridge avenue.

When Miss Miller left home this morning she boarded a trolley car at Montclair Centre for Caldwell. As the car approached she stepped from the sidewalk, but did not see an approaching automobile, as a carriage at the curb hid it from view.

Did Not See the Auto. The auto was going rapidly, and she was struck by it just as she was about to board the car. It is believed that her head hit a car rail when she fell.

Policeman William Stuart was a witness of the accident. He stopped the auto, named the injured girl in a car, and had her driven to the hospital.

The automobile belongs to the Montclair Auto Car Company and was driven by Howard Samuel, a chauffeur, who was placed under arrest. He told the police that he was taking a guest of the hotel to the railroad station to catch a train for New York.

The "Centre" was crowded with vehicles of all kinds, and when he saw a chance to pass, he drove forward, and the carriage standing at the curb he took it, although he had to go on the wrong side of the street to do so.

Delay in Identification. Although the mishap occurred on the one hundred feet from the hotel to the railroad station, the body was not identified until several hours after the accident. The body was not taken to the morgue until late in the afternoon.

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DENTIST TRIED TO TELL ACCUSER SHE "DREAMED"

Miss Irvine Insists She Was Chloroformed by Trick and Attacked.

ROANOKE, Va., Nov. 11.—

With the public barred from the courtroom, Miss Theodora Irvine, of New York, testified to her alleged experience with Dr. W. S. Gregory, a local dentist, whom she charged with attempted assault. She was teaching elocution in New York when she came here to visit.

She went to the office of Dr. Gregory, she said, accompanied by Mrs. Coulter, with whom she was staying, to have a broken tooth treated. The dentist was about to start for London to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

"After talking about dreams," Miss Irvine said, "Dr. Gregory told me I needed something to soothe me, and although I didn't want it, he said it would help me and I yielded. He pressed cotton containing something that smelled like ether to my mouth, and I quickly lost my senses."

Miss Irvine then told of her awakening, and Robb Smith, counsel for Dr. Gregory, asked her if it was not a delusion, but she flatly denied that it was.

"Dr. Gregory had his coat off," she continued, "and told me not to cry so loud, as I would be heard. Then he said 'Good' and said that 'hegros' is never in place. The negro came and I was left alone with him. My hair was disheveled and I was afraid of my life. Dr. Gregory finally came back and told me he supposed I had a bad dream. He asked for my address and said he would call to call on me and take me out to supper."

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GOVERNMENT AIDS IN SEARCH FOR MISSING MAN

American Embassy in London Seeks Edward P. Fitch in English Hospitals.

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LONDON, Nov. 11.—Acting under instructions from the State Department at Washington, representatives of the American Embassy have instituted a systematic search of the hospitals and nursing homes of London for a trace of Edward P. Fitch, of Council Bluffs, Ia., Assistant Secretary of the State and Insurance Company, of Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Fitch came to Europe for his health in September. He wrote home early in October stating that he was about to start for London to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

"Since that time his family has received no word from him, although it is believed he came to London. Advertisements from the State Department say that Mr. Fitch is a wealthy man. He carried passports and full identification papers."

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